would just spend a little more money for something that was absolutely necessary to its good health.

An automobile consists of 1,111 parts and there is a disease for every one of them. Did you ever see a chart of the troubles that can afflict an auto engine alone? It starts with two little divisions, ignition and non-ignition troubles, and each division spreads out and ramifies like the pedigree of a horse, until at the end you have about 200 reasons why a gasoline engine cannot, and ought not, to be expected to run except when it is in the garage at home. When you have finished studying that chart you will feel pleased and grateful that your engine ever runs at all. How they can make engines which can steer in between those 200 causes of trouble and keep going is to me one of the wonders of science.

Our automobile was an Empress. It acted like one—a broken-down empress with a bad past and a purely honorary job. The gloomy mechanic that looked her over when she came and who took great pleasure in being discouraged, told me she was made of tin and paint in equal parts and that she would never run on the high speed except downhill. He didn't exaggerate.

. had every automobile trouble known to and a good many mysteries besides. Her water jacket leaked. Her fan belt slipped off. Her magneto was a wreck and her gear box sounded like nine gold watches being ground up in a cornsheller. Her frame sagged, her carburetor was a dirt connoisseur, and her lubricators oiled the road, but refused to pay any attention to her cylinders. She back-fired until it wasn't safe to crank her. She spat oil; she rumbled in her transmission and choked in her feed-pipe. Her circulation was bad; her batteries would deliver a spark in any part of the machine except the spark plug. She was more likely to explode in her muffler than in her engine, and if the former had been attached to the crank shaft we would have gotten better results.

If we had only found out all of these woes at once it wouldn't have been so bad. But no, they came along with fiendish untimeliness. We discovered the leaky water jacket just after we had rebuilt the magneto. I spent a summer suit on that magneto and Sadie's summer hat went for the water jacket. When these were fixed nothing seemed to be the matter but the lubricators, in which we invested an Oriental rug—I mean the money we had saved to get one. And it wasn't until after these sacrifices had been made that both rear tires blew up together with a $95 bang. I didn't hesitate. I just took our summer vacation and bought the tires with it—and then she stripped her gears.

That was the sort of chase Josephine led us. Josephine was what we called her when we loved her. I mean it was her proper name. I'll not mention her improper ones.

By July, Sadie didn't dare order a beefsteak until she had asked me whether Josephine needed any more hard oil or spark plugs. Josephine stood in her stall and devoured our Sunday dinners and ice-cream sodas and Thomas concert tickets. She ate up our hired girl and most of our laundry. She gobbled down our next winter's coal and inhaled half our gas—we used to go to bed early to cut down the light bill.

Josephine had the most omniverous appetite you ever saw, except for gasoline. How she did save gasoline! More than once she made me hire $5 worth of farmer's team in order to save a measly little fifteen cents' worth of gasoline.

I came to hate that automobile as if she were human. She had all the perversities of a mule, a chorus girl, and a spring day rolled into one. Time after time she swept grandly past the repair shop on the high speed only to break down a few miles farther along and stand in the hot, glary road for hours while I tried out every one of the 1,111 possible causes of trouble. When I gave up and started away to hunt a hold-up man—I mean a farmer—I used to look at her standing there with her lamps looking like two big stary eyes and her pendulous crank hanging like a long, loose underlip and say all I thought about automobiles.

Ever stand in a hot road and cuss an auto? You never know how eloquent you are until you have. I have cussed the administration, and bad streets, and poor street-car service, and my neighbor's hens and the toothache, and these are barren fields compared with an automobile which has broken down ten miles from home for the third time in a month.

An automobile can make you madder than a baby. And the worst of it is that while you know the baby will grow up into something you can brag about, the auto isn't half so bad as it is going to be next year. An automobile is a good deal like a baby, anyway. The first cost is only a minor incident.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Josephine hadn't been so vindictive. She not only refused to run, but she bit and kicked and scratched. You could not go near her without getting assaulted. It was worse than looping the loop to crank her. You had to set the spark within the fraction of an inch and let go in a certain place if you wanted to use your wrist again that month.

Her gears caught and slipped until you never could tell whether she was going to go backward or forward, or climb a tree. You could get a shock at any time by touching her anywhere. Her cogs fairly leaped at your fingers. She started with a back-breaking jerk and you could fry eggs most anywhere on her after she had run ten miles. She came as near being a man-eater as an automobile could. I was afraid of her, though I never let on and threatened daily in the most blood-curdling tones to kick her flywheel clear through the engine bed.

I still take a good deal of pride in the fact that, notwithstanding all these complications, we ran Josephine that summer. There is a good deal of fighting blood in both of our families, dating back to the sassiness of '76, and we did not propose to be beaten by an under-engined, dish-wheeled, wappy-axled, snaggle-geared cross between a threshing machine and a hearse; and so we ran Josephine. We ran her on Sundays.

At 6 a. m. I rose, swathed myself in overalls and gloves, and retired to the shed. From then till noon hideous sounds of conflict would arise—explosions, shrieks, grindings, crashes, dull roars, rattle, and demoniac gibberings, all produced by Josephine at my suggestion.

At noon I would emerge from the smoke of battle long enough to eat a hasty lunch which Sadie would bring out.

By two o'clock I generally had Josephine subdued to a point where several of her cylinders would work a good deal of the time.

By three I had scrubbed off the grease and put on my best clothes. There would be another short conflict, as a result of which I would chivvy Josephine out of the shed and around to the street. Then there was a glorious ten minutes which we considered worth the struggle.

Spick and span in her summer duds and looking so lovely that she kept me gasping with admiration, Sadie would sweep out from the house, pongee-coated, automobile-veiled, and altogether bewitching. I would hand her into the junk pile, inspect it carelessly, set the timer with bloodthirsty caution, and give one terrific jerk at the crank. I will say for Josephine that she never failed us at these critical moments. With a maudlin sputter, her engine would start racing. I would throw in the clutch with a reversible prayer and off we would glide, past the Withershanks, past the Blitheringtons, around by the Caxtons and the Smythes, and on into the beautiful country leading to Aurora, Winnetka, Elgin, Wheaton, or elsewhere.

Not that we ever got anywhere but elsewhere. Oh, no. That ten minutes was our pride and joy. After that we died content. We generally lasted ten miles. Sometimes we got fifteen. We never got home. We never expected to.

Somewhere out in the country Josephine would begin to hiccough; then we knew our joy was over. I would turn down the next side road, and presently Josephine would expire with various noises of an alarming nature.

Then I would descend and take from under the seat a clean pair of overalls. Methodically Sadie would remove her pongee coat and automobile veil and would take from under the same seat a pair of stout walking shoes for which she would exchange her dainty slippers.

While Sadie was hunting the nearest farmhouse, I would use my arts on Josephine. When I succeeded, we would get five miles farther into trouble; when I didn't, I would pay over $5 to a whiskered pirate with a team of raw-boned horses on condition that he deliver Josephine at our house late that night.

Then Sadie and I, hand in hand, would start for the nearest station. How we enjoyed those walks through the lush and beautiful country, serene in the knowledge that we could not puncture a tire, clog a feed pipe, or bend a crank shaft.

Elwood Haynes in the First Automobile Built in America. In the Background is Louis Strang in the Hundred h. p. Fiat Racer in Which He Has Won So Many Track Events.